

→ Lyman Knapp house

→ Thaniel Bouton House.

Wood Pasture. On the west of the street was a large area of rough land used as pasture land for the cattle, by Daniel and David Hoyt. Sixty years ago it was a place of charm with offering a bit of adventure to the boys.

A lane went down and crossed the Pampaskeshank brook by a walled bridge, up into the pastures and back to a rocky

hill that was supposed to be the home of one of those mythical great snakes that furnished the hair raising Asnake stories. *of the day*

*afternoon* One night, so tradition say, they found the cows huddled in the far corner of the pasture, and the boy could not make them move.

Returning with help the cows were still there, with all the evidence of great fright. When driven across a certain place, they broke into a run and raced from the pasture.

It was believed they had been frightened by the big snake. Where the lane crossed the brook stood a giant hickory, mecca of all the children when the nuts began to fall.

One day a man was walking down the lane and saw what he believed to be a great limb across the path and hanging over on each side. Approaching, the supposed limb began to move and then into a great snake, and though the man had a gun with him, he was so frightened he did not shoot, but left at once.

On the west side of the rocky hill was a smooth surfaced ledge of granite worn smooth by the glaciers of the ice age, and it was quite a feat for the small ones to climb up its smooth side and slide down, often to the detriment of clothes.

For a half mile below the bridge, the Pmapaskeshank was a paradise for the small boy in summer.

There was an alder and maple swamp north of the bridge where the muskrats built their mud and rush houses and ~~held their water~~ many a rich pelt was trapped there.

Below the bridge the brook gurgled over a rocky bed, making small waterfalls, and quiet pools where great bull frogs lived and dove into the pools as one wended his way along the bank.

In the spring numbers of spotted turtles, known as 'peepers' and believed by many to be the makers of the peepers in the spring, which we know were hyla frogs.

In the fall the eels came down on their way to the sea to spawn. Its glory is all gone now, and it is but a mere trickle of its old days.

Davis Taylor acquired the Wood Pasture and ~~occupied~~ lived in a house of the period, and was one of the pioneer oystermen of the town, combining oystering with farming.

Every boy on the street knew where, and when the great Bow apples was ripe, and the way through the back lots to the tree for raids, and always had an eye and ear open for the shout sure to warn them to run.

Babe Merrill ???

→ The Ward B Smith place on the hill beyond was the show place of the days following the first settlers.

Ward Smith was the son of Asa Smith, who was the son of Eliakim Smith and Abigail Hoyt Smith, of the first families.

Ward Smith was in the brucking business in New York city, and moved the Cleopatra's needle to its sight in Central park and built the place for his country home.

→ On the hill beyond was the home of Capt. Saunders